Booked Through.

burlyfellow, who looked everythch a ruffian, but carried a heart beneath his coarse shirt as tender

Above him, on either hand, towered the peaks of the Californian Sierras in solemn grandeur. At his feet lay a gulch of coniderable depth, with a number of rough ien shantles taddled together in the

It was a Sunday afternoon; the san hung low over the western hills, and never a pick clinked in all the gulch. Only, at intervals, a sound of drunken merriment came floating

up from Griff's saloen.

As the miner listened to the sound his lips curled in a smile of contempt. God knows what his past has been, but whatever its his tory it had left him gloomy, tacitura, un-sociable. His miner chums had nicknamed him "Gentleman Jim." but in spite of his solitary habits they respected not less than they feared him

Where's the kid off to now, I wonder?" he said, looking about him in search of some e. "L'me sec-she was pointing downhill hast time I set eyes on her. Come, old hoss, let's go'n look her up."

The child of woom he spoke was the only one in the diggings. Her mother had never been seen in those parts, and her father was dead—a victim to a bit of vengeful revolver practice on the part of a balf tipsy chum. Anything more unlike the rough and ready frequenters of the mines than this daughter of the diggings could not well be imagined. The worst men have something good and tender in them still, and drinking, knife-ming, lawless crew though the miners were, in the presence of "the lass" they

he had constituted himself her special The two were mutually drawn to each other, and many a happy bour did the mo-rase, solitary miner spend in the society

became as docile as lambs. They fairly

worshiped her. As for Gentleman Jim.

of the tmy, prattling mail. Now that she had strayed from his side he rose abrapily and stode slown the slope, looking to right and left for some sign

Just below the group of shantles a deep monster gash. It was the starting point of a branch railway, which when completed would connect the diggings with Dracon City, the nearest point of the great trunk some four miles farther down the gulch. The ratis, as a matter of fact, were iready laid, and the diggings would ere this have been in touch with the outer world had not a tremendous freshet swept nway a portion of the railway embank-

ment only a few weeks before. Upon the titliside cutting the miner's gaze lingered doubtfully. On the track at its botcars or trofleys, and on these he had once found the child playing. He had forbidden her ever going there again, for the trolleys were prevented from starting off in a mad exteer down the steep track by a mere block

of wood placed under the front wheel of No." he said to himself, with a shake of his shager head, "she wouldn't go nigh them if I lold her not." So, distribsing the

As he neared them he enight up with a unless finings, who were conductrom the "Seen anything o' the lass nutes?" he

toward the shantles.

The niners stopped. One of them was at amsteady on his legs, the other fairly soler. The latter made answer.

than troffers." That's what I said," replied the other,

"and then't you forget it?" Gentleman Jim and not seem likely to for-

it it. On the contrary, he set off toward

more select of the two miners to his company the row of shan ton, "course I'll run back an" see what's report had come. And with that he larried after term-

to the edge of the cutting. Fifty feet bethem lay mother man at full length upon swermout of the fire of trolleys, knell "the ground. asc" grasping the cranichandle of the car with both fainds and singing softly to herwas beginning to revolve. The trolley was

He shouted, and the child, raising her heavy fron crook awang sharply round struct her upon the temple, and felled her to the bottom of the car, which, released from the restraint of her honds, began to move

Gentleman Jim'cleared the bank almost at ley. Eicking the wedge from unde rthe whoel of the next in line, he was about to set it in motion when the miner who had of the whereabouts of "the insa' came sliding down the bank to his side. Tumble in, mate," shouted Gentleman

Jim. "The lass's off down the track in "Then I ain t sich a fool as to foller her."

retorted the other, confly. "Recken ye know the big dump's washed out?" "Av. I know it well," and Gentleman

catch that trolley afore It jumps the ralls into the wash-out. Will ye come?" Durned if I dot" was the dogged reply.

Gentleman Jim stood bolding the trolley back with one band. With the other be d the fellow round the waist and swung him mon the car.

trolley was fitted with double cranks. One of these Gentieman Jim selzed. "Take t'other," said be to his unwilling com the first treatle we come to!"

The other sailenly obeyed, and the light one, impelled by their united strength, shot with a venerity that made the

wheels fairly sing upon the metals.

The runaway trolley had now passed out of sight round a tend. Presently, however, it reappeared—the line forming a continutous guich-a full quarter of a mile about a start could the ranaway be overtaken in time? Gentleman Jim heaved at the erank until the great knots of nouscles upon his arms seemed like to burst beneath

the Etsain. Again the runnway sped out of and learned into view. The chird could now be seen clinging to the side of the car, ber hair streaming in the wind. She had re govered from the effects of the blow Gentleman Jim thought of the washout and

"Petter if she'd never come to," he muttered; "better far!" Then, with a sudden flered energy. "Faster, mate, faster, or

I'll chuck ye over the dump!" His conquision have him a malignant look, but redoubled his efforts. On and on, down and down, as swift as a mountain eagle on the wing! Was the

away lessening? It seemed so. And now, berne back on the wild rush of mountainair, came a sound like a wall. The

child was singing:

"Josus, joyer of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly." Gentleman Jim gave a great gulp as be

cought the words. "Ay, flying's the word for it." he muttered, "straight for kingdom come. Send her for ard, mate-for ard, for all you're worth." The quivering trolley fairly leaped. Again

that wailing note floated to bisears:

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Thee- there's none to help 'cept me and my

The words were still on his lips when the trolley shot into mid-air upon a dizzy trestle bridge which here spanned the gulch. Hundreds of feet below a mountain torrent featured. A few seconds, only so long as it took to draw one deep, fearful breath, and the chasm lay behind them. But to Gentleman Jim those few seconds brought a swift revelation of his own powerlessness. In that other trolley the child sat motionless, looking neither to right nor left, singing

still, with face upturned: "All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing,"

Gentleman Jim looked about him quickly. He almost expected to see the swift, hover ing wings then and there. Certain it is that he heard them .

"The lass is right and I'm a fool!" he said reverently. "When it comes to this God A'mighty's all a chap's got to look to.

tothe crank. When next belooked up it was to discover that the distance between the

trolleys had diminished by half. "Mate," he said, his voice thrilling with joy, "we're gaining on her-we're getting

"Nearer to the wash-out," replied the other, with an eath. "Look on the left!" To the left, a short half-mile away, appeared a long, ragged break in the dump. With that yawning gap in view the margin of life or death must be measured by seconds. Desperately the two men strained at the cranks; the car shot forward with the velocity of the wind. At every turn of the handles the distance between pursuers and pursued grew perceptibly less; but so also did the stretch of track between the run-away and the fatal gap.

"Ye don't calkilate on follerin" the gal into kingdom come, do ye, mate?" growled

"Ay, if need be," replied Gentleman Jim. - if ver a-goin' ter vank Pete Cope land along with ye, then," muttered the

the man at the other crank.

The trolleys were now but a few yards apart, the gap but a stone's throw ahead. Gentleman Jim sprang to the front of the car, whipped out his revolver, and took de-

liberateaim at his companion. "Which'll ye take?" he demanded, sternly; your chance." jerking his thumb in the direction of the gap, "or this?" glancing sig-

nificantly at the weapon.
"The chance," said Copeland, sullenly, "Then listen. Take a hand off that crank, and you're a dead man; but—mark well what

I say—the instant I turn my back slow the car down for all you're worth." "You kin bet your bottom dollar I will." replied the other." And say, pard, let's see

that party back o' yourn as soon-The remainder of the sentence was lost in an involuntary cry of astonishment and horror. Gentleman Jim. leaping upon the low boxwork which corrounded the car, balanced bluself therefor an instant, as though calculating the distance-now reduced to perhaps ten feet-which separated him from -his beloved "lass," then, with one tremendous bound, he cleared the space be-tween and heighted square upon the runaway trolley, which, in another instant, he doubt from his mind, he directed his steps | had brought to a standstill on the very brink

At an early hour on the morning following this incident, "the lass" was playing before one of the shantles, when she was startled by the sharp report of a pistol. The sound came from that part of the guich above the shantles, where the claims are lo-Securier just now player on one of them | cated, and where most of the miners were

now at work.
"A new among the men." she said to herself, divining the meaning of the shot with ready instinct, "I'd better go and look

after my Jim." She set off at a run in the direction of the sound, followed by such of the miners "Looked rayther skeered," remarked the | na were not at work. Rounding the end of the row of shandles she saw whence the

Fifty yards up the gulch a group of Frman Jim. excited inhers swaped and jostled and Two minutes sufficed to bring the latter shouled about a man who was struggling fiercely in the midst of them. Close beside

At eight of the child a sudden hush fell upon the throng, several of whom stepped she worked it back and forth. At a quickly in front of the man on the ground, sentlemen Jim saw that the crank as if to hide him from view of the child. But she had already seen and recognized m. "Jint Oh, they've killed my Jimt" the cried pitcously, struggling to force her way through the line of men.

One of these, a lanky New Englander, Long Zeke by name, whose chin and gray otes were dyed a dirty yellow with tobacco juice, hastily caught the child up in his arms and bore her off to the saloon, where, with a few whispered words, he made her over to the keeping of Griff, the proprietor. This done, he strode back to his companions. "Tote that cuss for ard. mater," said he, authoritatively, "ontil we hear what he has to say for himself." Copeland was led to the front, where the body of Gentleman Jim lay. Long Zeke fixed him with his keen gray eye, and said:

Are this here a case of squar' shootin' or air it not? What 'ad he done to rile ye?" "Done? Made me risk my life on that turned trolley yesterday," replied Copeland, offenly. "That's excuse enough for drawin' a bend on him, I reckon,"

Long Zeke spat copiously. "You whitevered cass," said be, "to go'n draw a bead on him because he toted you along to help save the lass! Boys, this way! Fetch a Leading Copeland between them, the

oners followed the lanky New Englander down the guich to the railway cutting and the track, where the trolleys stood upon the rails. Beside the last in the line they paused.

"Tie him onto the trolley, pards," said Long Zeze. "He'll hey just about time to say his pra'rs on the way, I recken."

The cowering wretch was lifted upon the er and bound hand and foot to the woodwork. He made comppent for mercy, knowing it to be useless,
"Stand back, thar," said Long Zeke, when

all was ready. He kicked the block of wood from beneath the wheel and gave the trolley a push. It sped down the track. tant crash echoed up the guich.

'First passenger by the Big Gulch an' Dracon City line-booked through to ctarnity," said Long Zeke. "Boys, s'posin' we go an' liquor up?" (J. R. Hatchinson in Chicago News.)

In a French Police Court.

You say you have been robbed of a pair "They cost me originally 12 francs. Thave had them readed four times, and had to hay 3 france each time; so that makes altogether 24 francs." write; One pair of boots of the value of 24 frames."-L'Intransigrant.

Any Excuse Will Do. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't

Your name is Walker, isn't it?" Well. I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take some-thing,"-Chicago Tribune.

What Puzzled Uncle Geehaw Saroh - Pather, I wish you wouldn't look at Mr. Perdinand Citily so sharply when a cails. It embarasses him. Uncle Geehaw (puzzled) - I won't no more. da'ter, ef you say so; only his collar an' cuffs is sewed onto his shirt, an' I'll be gol durned of I see him turn 'em. I s'pose be has tew turn the hull thing inside out

(Written for The Times.)

An under court in Michigan decided recentry that adverse criticism of a book is libel, but the supreme court promptly re-versed the decision. The facts in the case are those: A Detroit man wrote a book and personally brought a copy to the editor of the Journal for review, stating that he was a Detroit author and being a Detroit was a Detroit author and being a Detroit book would esteem it a personal favor to have the book reviewed. The managing editor placed the book in the desk of a member of the staff with no other instructions than to look it over carefully and review it on its merits. In a few days the Journal printed a column article reviewing the book. It was declared that the book had no scientific value and an effort was made to seriously show why. There was also some ridicule of the book. The author sued the Journal for heavy damages. On the trial in the circuit court the jury rendered a vertice for the court the jury rendered a verdict for the author, and the damages were fixed at \$500, in spite of the fact that adverse criticism sometimes helps the sale of a book. The supreme court reversed this verdict and says: "No malice was shown by the defendant unless it was clearly deducible from the article itself. On the contrary it appears to be clearly established that the defendant did not entertain any malice toward him, and that the book was placed by him in the hands of a critic, without any comments or instructions. An author invites criticism, and however hostile it may be, and however much danage it may do him by preventing its sale, the critic is not liable in any action for libel, provided he makes no mistate ment of material facts contained in the ment of material faces contained in the writing and does not attack the character of the author. The book and the criticism are both before the public. In this case the personal character and reputation of the author are not attacked. His theories are; the critic was at liberty to attack or denounce them with sarcasm or ridicule. The decharation contains no or ridicule. The declaration contains no immendoes, and atthough the criticism is andoubtedly severe and caustic, it does not exceed the bounds of legitimate criti-cism." This is a valuable precedent. The signs of the temporary collapse which

affect all trades immediately after the holiday reason are beginning to disappear and the bookmen will profit on the change which comes over the readers about this time. Lent, of course, brought its meed of studious readers who devote the left; days of seclusion to the polishing of their wits and to catching up with the literary procession. This is, however, an insigni-ficant simulantrompared to the prospective opening of the spring bag of new books which is now immediately before us. There as been a comparatively insignificant pro-ortion of serious reading during the winter, portion of serious regaining during the winter, to judge by the sole range of these matters—the classifications in the publishers' lists and the output of the circulating libraries, so the change to the superficial summer reading will be neither a long nor a studden step. Publishers call the first three months step. Publishers call the first three months of the year the period of inaction, so that the scason of activity is at hand. There are two hundred more titles announced this year than last. The lists show that 650 books are to be put on the market shortly which speaks for a large confidence in a hope of satisfactory profit. In fiction twice as many volumes will be issued this year as last. The historical novel and story of adventure and quict home life seem to have come to the front once mere, and the novel ome to the front once more, and the nove fmatrimonial disturbance and unsexed we man terms quite conspictions by absence The general tone is healthy, the subject speak of more culture and less materialism. It is odd enough but strangely true that very little is heard those days of the literar aspect of Italy. It cannot be that the storied rains and liquid skirs have los paper for bringing light on this neglected portion of contemporaneous literary history. It species of the Lotin Remaissance, so it appears that there really is movement among the interact. A little patient development the integration of the makes it known that hisly has a promising condicinte for international immortality. He is a young man barely thirty two, a native of Pescura on the Adriatic coast, in the Abrazzi, which neight the remain. Whose nicturesome inhabitants be never wearies of extolling. His name is Gabricle D'Anmurzio. He first devoted himself to pactry and published a number of lyric gents. However, it is as a number of lyfti gells. However, it is as a novelet that the young Indian has achieved his greatest success. His friends say that his characters are in a large measure portraits of himself, endowed with his personal views and characteristics. He han't flattered himself, for though attrachans't flattered himself, for though strip-tive, his men are some what weak and fre-quently egotistical. His style seems to be more perfect than the matter it expresses. It is simplarly with, showing plainly French and Russian influence but patriotically southern and national in a warm and impassioned eloquence. One quotation will demonstrate this as well as affirm will demonstrate this as well as all the bis great love for the eternal city. One of his characters (Andrea Specelli) had a consuming ambition to be a Roman prime Rome was his great love; not the Rome of the Carsars, but the Rome of the Popes not the Rome of arches, baths and formula but the Rome of villas, fountains and churches. He would have given the whole Collseam for the Villa Medici, the Campo Vaccino for the Plazza di Spagna, the arch of Titus for the fountain of the Tortorses."

Richard Harding Davis is becoming quitas extensive a traveler as story writer He has seen the West from a car window. the Mediterannean from a ship's deck Paris in mourning for a martyred president Paris in mourning for a marryred pressurent, the American republic under various cir-cumstances, and now he proposes to go to Athens via St. Petersburg. That is, the Harpers have commissioned thin to go and report for them some national and inter-national events of universal importance. He will make the Russian capital in time the will make the carr formally receive his royal diadem and sceptre and then be will amble down to Greece in time to see the revival of ancient games under the patentage of the King of Greece. Davis will find the most interesting side of these topics and the reading public is in good fortune that so entertaining a chronicler is to report the events for them. Aluding to the Hellenic games a literary

reviewer says that too much the writing and semi-classical gust is sure to be wasted on them. Already there are eradite allusions to the remissione of the old Greek sprit and much misplaced enthusiasm over the yearning of the modern Hellenes to do honor to their immortal ancestors. For his part, considering that the present learning of Greeke is handrum and diskingdom of Greece is bankrupt, and dis-honestly bankrupt at that, he cannot but feel that the unblesched mongrels of the Morea would do far more honor to their country's past if they stopped capering are give their attention to the payment of their honest debts. As for all the ancestral gab nonest decis. As for an one almost at good ble he finds it is based on nothing more substantial than pure fancy; for ethnologists, especially Fallmerayer, have shown that the present population of the country is almost wholly Slavic with only the very slighest tinge of Hellenic blood.

It is related that during the beight of the camity between France and England the poet Campbell proposed a toast to. Napoteon during a dinner of authors. A score of excited British literary chaps leaned to their feet and demanded defi-antly, "Why?" Campbell replied, coolly. "Because he once hanged a publisher." The toast was drunk to the dregs. The al-leged imposition of publisher or producer ma always been a grievance of authors. has always been a grievance of authors.

Robert Buchanan, the English writer, proposes to relieve himself of the yoke by becoming his own publisher. He has sent
forth a pamphlet "Is Banabas a Necessity". nveighing against publishers and their forganized robbery" and accompanying it organized robory and accompanying with a statement to the effect that hereafter he will be his own publisher at "36 Gerrard street. Shaftsbury avenue, W."
This is probably a mistake on Mr. Buchannan's part but the experiment will be watched with interest by the literary world on two sides of the ocean.

Anthony Hope hates poetry.

Partridge of London offers \$1,000 for an original story. Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" has been dram-atized in French.

Prof. Max Muller can converse in eighteen different languages. Scribners are going to publish the com-plete works of Eugene Field in ten volumes,

Interesting History

SUCCESS OF TERRALINE

What Terraline Really Is.

-For many years medical science had sought an agent that would cure the initial stages of consumption by nourishing and building up the body.

Codliver Oil, with its unpleasant and nauseating characteristics, had been the only remedy at hand for a long period, when Terraline was discovered. Its results, when it could be taken by the patient, were un-

-TERRALINE-(a pure product of petroleum, tasteless and palatable)-was first introduced to the medical profession five years ago, and physicians were requested to test its remarkable remedial qualities in their practice and report.

 In five years over two thousand reports of cases of Consumption. Pneumonia, Bronchial Troubles, Coughs, Colds, wasting diseases, loss of flesh and strength, etc., were received and wonderful results noted from the use of Terraline.

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Physicians everywhere enthusiastically indorse it.

-- Washington physicians (the most prominent) prescribe it regularly.

-- TERRALINE builds up, makes flesh, nourishes and strengthens:

—Children do not have to be coaxed to take TERRALINE. TERRA-LINE cures Croup.

-- TERRALINE is not a patent medicine.

—The grand results of five years careful experimenting, and the unqualified endorsement of the profession justify the TERRALINE COMPA-NY in now giving this remedy a national and international publicity.

> Terraline is For Sale by all Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle. The Terraline Company, Washington, D. C.

and an extra one hundr

Henry Watterson is a g to write a life of Abraham Limoin. There is talk of a monoment to George F. Root, the writer of parriotic songs.

It is said by a friend of Thomas Hardy hat "Jude" is aportrait of the author. The "Family Letters" of faute Gabriel losetti is attracting widespread attention.

Mr. Black's new novel, "Briscis," will

Alfred Austin's new poem, "England's Barling" is dedented by permission to the Princess of Wales.

William Astor Chauler has prepared another work of travel, this time into North-astern Africa. Du Maurier is so weary of "Trilby" that he requests his friends not to speak of it is presence.

A Landmark Club has been organized a California to preserve the missions, acir history and tradition. Sir Lewis Morris has been married for thirty years. He kept his wife in the book-ground pending the laureateship contest.

The crown prince of Italy has written a ovel. He orten contributes stories and oems to Italian journals under a nom-de John Morley, in an article in one of the

A Charles Lamb antograph senten

reads: "Verbal allusions are not wir because they will not bear a translation," and a fiend peld \$45 at a London sale to call it his own. "John-a-Dreams" is the title of a new magazine to be published shortly in New York, to cater to "the conservative isomo-clast and the practical dreamer, devoted to mere literature and classical topog-raphy."

A collection of 32,500 book-plates sold in London recently for nearly \$60,000. It was the Carson collection, one of the largest in existence, and the price paid hit wo or three times as much as has hitherto been paid for any similar collection.

John S. C. Abbett's life of Napocon is said to have sent more young men to West Point than any other publication. What boy with a spark of unitary spirit in him has not reveled in the glowing pages of the old hero worshiper?

Gen. Charles Hamilin and his son, Mr Gen. Charles Hamin, are collecting that and arranging the extensive mass of valuable matter airrady in Gen. Hamilin's possession for an extended biography of the late exVice President Hamina Hamila, which will be written by them.

Hall Caine says all the strong situations in his novels are taken from the libbe. The Dermster is the story of the Producal Son. The Bendman is the story of Esu and Jacob. The Manxman is the story of David and Uriab. The Scapegoat is the story of Eli and has sons. Opic Reed, the novelist, says that the

most remarkable audience he ever addresses was one at Sterling, III., where he spok under the auspices of the Switchmen aus Brakemen's Benevolent Association. His was mostly one similar and one At George Ellot's native town of Nun aton, Warwicksnire, which is described so

At George Ellot's native town of Nan-eaton, War wicksmire, which is described so graphically as 'Milby' in the writer's earli-est success, "Scenes of Cerical Life," a public George Ellot memorial library is to be built. In its structure, which is to be somewhat after the fashion of the memo-rial theater at the neighboring town of Strat-ford-on-Avon, It's proposed to form a col-lection of manuscripts, pictures, relies, etc. The effects of poor Paul Verlaine, found in his room, will soon be officially delivered to his only son, M. Georges Verlaine, now serving his time in the army. They consist of a bendle of manuscript and a bandlag, of another manuscript in the portmanteau, which was presented to him the day before he came to London—the first portmanteau he had ever possessed—half a dozen of his clast pipes, his pet cigarent holder, also of chay a pair of eyeplasses, a slouch hat and a nighteap.

The remaining manuscripts of Char-lotte Bronte are in the possession of her bushand, and others have now been pur-chased for publication. They are far more numerous and important than it has

been imagined, and will make a substantial and valuable addition to the
body of her work, size in prose and
poetry, a large butter of interio mannown
tetters bacing also been recovered. A
hangraphical volume will be published,
envirely made up of fresh matter, and repenting nothing that has already appeared
in Mrs. Gaskell's blography.

A period of Lincom's life which has not
heretofore received the consideration deserved is his bosphood, youns and early
manifood, covering the period up to the
time of 188 frest infirmed into public hie,
Happily this dericiency in instorical blograppy has been remedied by the McChires,
who have issued a handsome fulle volume cunteed The Early Life of Lincoln.
It is landsomely put up in buckram and
gold, and the first ention, now about
exhausted, was boood course. C'Early

usted, was 50,000 copies. ("Early of Lincoln." McClure, Lamited, New A scholarly detective story is what "The Temptress," the intest story by the pro-line William Le Queux, might be called. readily and firmly upon the sympathy and with which he holds the reader to the prospective dissolution of his plot. The book not only has strong central interest, but the style is pleasing, and unusually graceful in its vigor for this class of novels. The publishers have given it attractive dress, ("The Temptress," William Le

Queux. Fred K. Stokes, New York.) Queux. Fred K. Stokes, New York.)

Prince Lobanorf, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, has not only found time to win the greatest diplomatic triumphs of this decade, but he has also just completed for publication. Le Dictionaire des Emigres, on which he has been engaged for twenty years. The work has involved a prodigious amount of labor. The primes has traced the late of 12,000 refugees, driven from France during the revolution into Engand, Germany, and Russia. He has found that two-thirds of these exiles perished in foreign lands and lers no descendants whatever, which is rather hard on those families who assumed names and titles on the most slender claims under the Hourbon restoration. The prince's other literary hobby is Mary, Queen of scots. His devotion to her memory is something chivarrous. He-has in his horay every book which in any way bears upon her life and death.

"The Illustrator," a handsome new mag-

upon her life and death.

"The Hustrator," a handsome new magazine, comes from Atlanta, Ga. It is of recent establishment. The opening number has set a standard of excellence that ought to bring success if maintained. The letter press, engravings and literary matter is all lirst closs. An illustrator s magazine from the South is a testy experiment, and the publishers realize it. They say they are conscious that they are entering a field where others have met defeat, but they believe that they will be able to maintain a first-class illustrated magazine, with literary and historical features, not devoted to or limited to the South, nor sectional in any sense, yet of the South. subjects treated in an interesting and in teligent manner in the opening number are 'Andrew Jackson,' ''Sherman's March to the Sen,' and "Henry W. Grady." There ire several stories. (The litustrator, At-

are several stories. (The lifustrator. Atlanta, Ga.)

Gerrade Atherton, the author of two
delightful stories, "The Doomswoman,"
and "Refore the Gringo Game," has contributed a third interesting morsel of
fiction to the book shelves, or rather to
the library lable, for the dainty and artistic
little volume is much too pretty to be
hidden in the cases. Her last story is
called "A Whirl Assuder," and though
a comparative trifle so far as intention
is concerned, it is really a clever little
harrative of a not impossible case. In
sixteen charty chapters is told the case
of Mr. Clive, a young English harrister,
who came to California to claim his bride.
At the very beginning another woman
enters the story and remains a conspicuous
slement to the very end. There is a long
struggic worked out with much eleverness, and the reader's carlosity is stimulated throughout to know whether it is
to be Miss Gordon or Miss Heiment who
will go across the sea a barrister's bride.
The denoncement is anexpected, though not
convincingly original. ("A Whirl Asunder," Gertrade Atherton, Frederick Stokes,
For sale by Brentano.) For sale by Brentano.)

Willing to Compromise In the middle of the third act the young woman with the big hend-dress turned arount in her seat and spoke to the youth immediately behind her.

"Sir," said she, "if you will change your brand of chewing-gum I'll take off this hat. I'm getting tired of that wintergreen fragrance,"-Chicago Tribune, "PUT THAT ON!

Generous Man Felt Warmer When He Gave Away His Overcoat. Chicago Tribune.

which necessuated the open cars so late in tunnel it was boarded by a laboring man, who swung himself on and sat down direct-

y opposite a prospersus broker who had en-ered the car down town. The laborer was thinly clad. His furrowed face and deep-set eyes told of a life of care, if not of actual want. The face was intelligent and bonest, and a kind heart was reflected in the light eyes. The man who sat opposite to him had the air of one whom the world had treated

the air of one whom the world had treated kindly. Although apparently fifty years old, time had left little impress on his features, beyond turning to silver the thick hair which had once been black. His expression was stern, but integrity shone in every line of his face. Over his andsome tweed sait he wore a light over coat, closely buttoned across the chest. Oc

reading at his poorer neighbor, and the glances, though short, took in every detail of the man's appearance. When the car reached Schiller street the roker prepared to get off, at the same time emoving his overcout, which he threw

when workingman's knees.
"Put that on." he said peremptorily, as he jumped on the payement. The poor man was so surprised that a second or two clapsed before he grasped

the situation.
"For me," he shouted to his benefactor. By this time the car was moving swiftly orthward, and the laborer was standing

up, waving his cap and shouting.
"God bless you, sir. God bless you." MONEY MADE FROM NIGHTMARES

Methods Used by the Artists Who De sign Popular Grotesque Posters.

People who dine late at night in a cer-nin uptown restaurant may have noticed well-dressed, wide-eyed, laggard-faced, dyspeptic man devouring night after night with apparent relish disnes which only the hould know how the designs are con

ceived. The case of this wibleyed, haggard-faced The case of this wine-cycl, haggard-faced dyspeptic artist alone will be cited. His may or may not be the method used by all the hetter poster makers. Every night be goes to this uptown restaurant, cats a Welsh rarebit, a cold broiled lobster, two cream rolls and a dish of ice cream and drinks a quart of cheap claret. Then be goes home, drinks two glasses of the water, retires and the nightmare does the rest. In the morning he sketches the norrors he saw in his dreams and finishes them as be orders for posters pourin. He is making

It is related that after Mr. Chamberlain had been a very few years in the House and was still a young member, he modestly asked an old and much-respected partinmentary hand to favor him with criticisms or hints on his speeches in the house. The old member reflected for a time and then said: "It is all very nice, very nice, indeed Mr. Chamberiain, but if you could occasionally manage to break down, the house. I assure you, would take it as a great compilment." This was a good hint. The house almost invariably regards with a certain degree of suspicion any young member who is too glib, polished and correct in his manner of speaking. It positively like a man to be nervous-which should be a consolation to maiden speakers.—Chicago CAN ALMOST READ.

Dog Selects a Rook Asked for From a Dozen Others

Baltimore Hirald. Cincinnati, Ohio, March 21. - Dennis

ing without being confronted by Guy

great favorite of the shimal. Miller was ill for a few days and confined to his

Miller expressed a desire to see a pocket memorandum doos that was at the circe, nearly one mile away.

With a bound the signations animal started away, and in half an hour was hack with the very memorandum book he had spoken of. This feat was witnessed by several reliable parties, and gave positive avidence that the observing dog five evidence that the observing only understood what Mr. Miller has He has often found articles belonging to his master or some of the clerks in the of-fice that had been secreted about the premises on purpose to test his powers, but his ability to select from several books the right one discloses superior

A MAGIC MIRROR. . Stand Behind the Looking Glass and

Philadelphia Record, A transparent mirror was brought from termany to this country a few months ago Germany to this country a few months ago by a New York lim, and the perplexing properties of the ginss excited much curiosity. It was at once indemand for many purposes and the same firm is now enjagged in importing it in large quantities. It is still a novelty, and some screens made of this glass have been recently placed on sate at one of the local stores. They are probably the first to be viewed in this city.

The coating is placed on one side of the glass just the same as the silvering on the mirror, and has the same properties of reflecting the rays of light and color.

lecting the rays of light and color.

The difference, however, is that when loked at from the back the coating is nirrely transparent. To one sitting incors the view without is not obstructed in the least, but a pedestrian peering into the window or doorway would be greeted by

dis own reflection The glass is used largely in Hen of screens where privacy is desired without obstruction of light from the outside or barring the rision of those inside. It was introduced with effect first in a New York club window. Behind it the chappies could stand ogle the girls and view the pasing throng without being themselves observed. Its use is also resorted to in cafes and semi-patin places, where it offered privacy to those lounging inside, while the latter had an argisturbed view of the story. view of the street.

Substitute for Lightning Rods. It has been observed that poplar trees are particularly subject to be struck by lightning. Recent experiments show that oods containing fats are poor condu belong popiars, oaks, and willows; conse quently they form natural lightning rods. Some authorities are of the opinion that poplars manted near buildings would at-ford excellent protection from lightning.—

Exchange.

"We have just bought a new clock, Mr. Stayinte," said she, sweetly. "Indeed."

"Indeed."
"Yes, and it has such a novel arrangement. It has a music box attachment."
"Boes it play every hour?"
"No; only at 10:30. Then it plays 'House,